

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. I.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

“ Fairest and foremost of the train, that wait
“ On man’s most dignified and happiest state,
“ Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
“ Chief grace below, and all in all above,
“ Prosper (I press thee with a pow’rful plea)
“ A task I venture on, impell’d by thee :”

COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

THE following essay is offered for publication in your paper, if the subject is not too serious.

Whilst the feeling mind is busy, contemplating the various miseries, to which human nature is liable, either through misfortunes or the insufficiency of reason, the sole guide to all our good actions, nothing can be a greater consolation, to a virtuous man than the reflection that he has contributed the utmost in his power, to relieve the necessities of the fallen ; for let it be understood, though man is sunk into the lowest state of wretchedness by immoral habits, yet we should not wholly desert him, but by affording him all the assistance in our power, endeavor to reclaim him ; leaving it to the supreme judge to acquit or condemn. Our blessed redeemer, when the Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery, and were going to put her to death by stoning her, rebuked them, saying, “ He that is without *sin* amongst you, let him first cast a stone at her.” When the Pharisees heard this saying of our saviour, they were “ convicted of their own conscience,” and went out one by one, leaving Jesus alone, with the woman standing in the midst. And Jesus said unto her “ Woman ! where are thy accusers ? hath no man condemned thee ?” she said no man, lord ! and Jesus answering, said unto her “ neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.”

If our blessed saviour, then, was inclined to shew mercy to the woman, we of ourselves have no right to sit in judgment on any one ; well knowing how much we all

stand in need of mercy, when we appear at the bar of heaven ; but leaving it to the heavenly judge to act, as it seemeth most acceptable to his great wisdom—when necessity pleads powerfully, and calls loudly to us for our friendly aid, we should administer the necessary relief with all kindness of heart ; not treasuring in mind any injury, which their rashness may have inclined them to commit against us ; but *religiously* forgive, and in the words of our lord, pray “ Father forgive them, they know not what they do.”

Friendship is the grand cement of rational society ; religion teaches us to use it, so as to make our fellow creatures happy, by endeavoring to mitigate as far as lays in our power, the miseries of man ; it is for this purpose that God has endowed man with abundance ; it is for this he has given us reason and feeling.

To one man is entrusted a vast possession of wealth, in order that he may feel for his brother, pining through want. Let me ask ; does he feel ? does he even attempt by parting with a trifle of his worldly riches, to assuage his anguish ? No ! his feelings are stifled, by not listening to the voice of reason ; by not repairing to the house of God, and there humbling himself at the altar, paying his grateful tribute to the most high, for his unbounded kindness in imparting to him so large a store. Let him then repair to the sacred house without delay ; religion will teach him how to act ; will tell him to look around, and he will see the industrious christian stretched on the bed of sickness ; no friendly hand open to pour the balm of consolation into his distracted breast to save him from the ravages of poverty ; his wretched wife and offspring stand in speechless agony around his bed ; while the clamorous creditor implacable, though death with gaunt look, chides his ill-timed and inhuman conduct, demands his just due. Is this a time for him to exercise his unfeeling rudeness ? and yet the case is common, even in this country how many fall victims to disease and poverty ; it is

here therefore that he will find ample food for speculative feeling; it is here, religion tells him what to do, and friendship pays the debt that is due to feeling. How happy will he find himself in the applause of his own conscience! and how proud in the favorable opinion of all good men! how godlike the act! how grateful the emanations of friendship.

Did we allow reason to take its natural course; did we suffer feeling to flow in its proper channel, the miseries of human nature would not be half so pungent. Happiness would then gradually begin to dawn until its sun was fully set; the God of nature would then look with an eye of pleasure on all his works, and adoring we must praise him for all his goodness.

To obtain this let us attend to religious pursuits; let us commune with ourselves; let us pray to God, to strengthen our reason, to mature our feeling, and to shew unto us the light of his blessed countenance, that we may see to walk uprightly and in friendship with all men. No longer then would the rich worldly man, mindful only of his temporal concerns, pass by the indigent and poor with averted eye, and when with enfeebled voice they ask for charity, turn a deaf ear to their earnest supplications. No longer then, I say, would he withhold assistance; for religion would tell him that charity is the behest of heaven; to feel for the distress of his fellow creatures the greatest comfort on earth, and the sure road to everlasting happiness, and where the record of our good actions will stand forward as the best advocate in our favor.

The good man passes his life serenely; his days are all one settled calm; no intervening clouds break on his repose; his slumbers are sweet; a guardian angel attends his couch, and while he sleeps scatters the noxious vapours from his sight and opens to his view Elysium!—observe the settled smile upon his countenance, it plainly indicates that all within is well. If such the good man's dreams, how enviable his state! for when the mandate comes to summon him above, he meets with joy the welcome messenger, and finds a ready passport to that world, where everlasting bliss shall crown his hopes, and usher him to peace that has no end.

But mark the contrast! the wicked man plunges headlong into the depth of wickedness; riots in all the guilty luxury of the day; intoxicated, he staggers home to take some rest and in his way meets the honest labourer, just risen from his humble bed, in order to pursue his daily avocation. He goes to bed—by sleep endeavours to shake off his vile intoxication—his dreams, how unlike the good

man's! Confused ideas rush into his brain; he starts and wakes—again he tries to sleep—horrible dreams assail his tortured mind—he cannot sleep—he rises—a thousand aches distract him—from day to day pursuing thus his idle folly, his health and reputation gone, he sinks at last with scarce a hope into eternity.

If such the bad man's end, let us, while yet in the morn of life profit by the sacred lesson, held out to us by the divine Master, and embrace the only true means of happiness, in that spirit of friendly kindness, and enlarged charity which form the christian religion. M.

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FOR THE COMPANION.

*All-conquering heat! oh intermit thy wrath!  
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,  
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse.*

THOMPSON.

Believe me, dear Easy, our neighbours are sadly in the "sweats"—the weather is "so hot" that the body is so far debilitated as to render the minds even of calumniators inactive. At the next house above us, where SLANDER seemed for a long time to have had her head quarters, whole days now pass away without one genteel person being so fortunate as to have his character handsomely taken to pieces.

Don't be offended, I beg of you, if this familiar epistle be *flat*—or if it should be found to abound with inelegant phrases,—for the weather is "so hot" that indeed I cannot labour in the literary field searching for classical language—you may be thankful that I answer at all, your last.

'Who will blame me if, on so hot a day, I refuse riding out to—with you?'—asked a gentleman just now—his friend, who had been master of energy enough to chide him the minute before, for not being ready, could not now muster up as much industry as would enable him to answer the question—accordingly, like one of the honourable disciples of INDOLENCE, he stretched himself at full length on the carpet, happy in thinking he had found an excuse for disappointing the party in the country.

It is quite *too hot* to work, says the mechanick—I had rather starve in peace, than die by endeavouring to procure subsistence. But your creditors will not let you starve in town, lest you might prove a nuisance this *hot weather*. They will remove you up Jones's Falls, to that large new building erected pro bono publico—for the good of many however, who did not assist in erecting it. True, he replies, I would willingly lay by, even up there, for the space of 52 days (*the time allowed by law for paying*



*small debts!*) this *hot weather*. It is very hot, says a bean as he meets his brother loungeur in the morning. Perhaps you may say this is a very foolish declaration for any one to make on such a day as this—inasmuch as every body must know it for himself. But I question, my good fellow, if you don't yourself sometimes so sensibly feel the debilitating effects of this universal heat as to say things quite as silly—or, which is worse, say nothing at all. To be candid now, do you never feel vexed when you see the printer's boy coming after you for *copy*?—Aye, EASY, methinks I hear you say to yourself—"I would be glad 'it were so *hot* that my readers would not open my papers when they are thrown in—then I should not be under the necessity of searching after matter for these columns." And there now you are exactly wrong—for the heat reduces us precisely to that state when a person is willing any one should think for him but himself—renders every man indifferent as to his own business; and, being too lazy to go in search of it, we expect your carriers to throw amusement at us. In this state of mind, I have been half mad when, after being at *all the trouble of ringing for a servant* to bring up your paper, I have discovered it to contain nothing but the *hot weather* complaint of our club—LAZINESS. From which last circumstance I am apt to think, sir, that *your* literary club and *our* fashionable club partake alike of this common malady for a few months in the year so prevalent in hot climates.

I have not been in a good humour since the last *pest* attached to the bank called to let me know that I owed them something. My being out of humour—or any man's being out of humour (unless he were out of a bad humour)—is an essential drawback on the aggregate happiness of the world—from which fact, stubborn and indisputable as it evidently is, I argue, that it is the duty of bank officers, as good christians who should "love their neighbours," not to chace us with their "notices" during the *very hot weather*—but, like our good old professors at the college used formerly to do, give us some holydays.

I was about folding up my epistle, when one of the veriest disciples of LAWRENCE, passing my door with his friend, interrupted me by dra . . . ging out—sink me, Sam, if the members of the city council are not scoundrels—why should we be forced to go TWO SQUARES AND A QUARTER to market, or fast!—This fellow was indeed all alive to the impositions of *hot weather*. Whether the gentleman imagined that the city government should erect market-houses in every street, cross street, lane and alley—or whether he thought it their duty to throw a shed entirely over the city, I could not learn;—for although they got

but slowly along the pavement, yet so overpowered by *heat* was the orator, that I could distinctly hear no more of what was said on the subject. However I think it most probable, that the latter was his wish—for he looked like a projector of the first magnitude; one whose genius could readily conceive the grand design of having a large roof, nicely sodded, and supported by many thousands of handsome columns spread over our city—the columns which support the roof may be made cylindrical, properly hooped, and each one's calibre large enough to contain about one thousand tons of cool water—the effect of such a quantity of cold water, joined to that from the green sods above, would indeed be incalculable. I think in that case none of us, even the most susceptible of heat, need be struck with the horrors at the idea of having to walk, at noon day, when the sun exerts all his energy, from one's back door to the bottom of the yard.

Sir, if you are possessed of that philanthropick spirit which some of your friends, and the friends of humanity, say you are, it is sincerely hoped by many of the suffering sons of LAWRENCE, that you will devise ways and means for our relief. T

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FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.
(Continued from page 276.)

DEMONSTRATION III CONCLUDED.

The writers of the gospel history lived at the time that the events which they record, took place.

It is necessary before we believe what any one may tell us, that we be convinced he is sincere, and true; and this is to be desired in religious matters especially, as a single mistake might be of such infinite importance if it impeached the veracity of the narrator.—All the circumstances connected with the character of the Evangelists prove their sincerity, integrity, and truth. If we consider their conduct, and endeavour to develope their motives, all will be in our favour. We are not so much disposed to charge the illiterate, the plain, and the poor with duplicity as those in higher stations of life. All the ancient writings whether favourable or contrary to faith, represent the first disciples of Jesus Christ, and above all the authors of his life, as illiterate men, without education or cultivation, known only by the refuse of the people:—they are acknowledged by their most zealous supporters, to have written without art, order, or correctness, their style unornamented, and frequently approaching to the barbarous. Yet some have endeavoured to find falsities in the midst of this truth. However this argument may seem to

injure the authority of the books in question ; it is truly incontestable and very weighty evidence in their favour. The style of the books bespeaks the character of the man. Their acknowledgement of the meanness of their outward condition, their poverty, &c, evinces their candour. Their frank confession of their faults, of the reproofs which Christ on that account gave them, with many other facts of this nature are all so many undeniable arguments of their openness and simplicity. The candour of the gospel history strongly evidences its truth. It is not probable that men who can thus freely expose their own, and the follies of their brethren should be insincere ; especially if we subjoin this consideration, that this conduct would apparently be very prejudicial to their cause. We must believe the Evangelists true, if we may reason from their writings and history.

Another proof of their ingenuousness may be gathered from the nature of the facts related in the gospel, and the reading of them only will satisfy every person that they were of the worst kind to second or aid an imposture—because they were most authentic and circumstantial ; miracles without number, known to all descriptions of people in Judea ; to its Kings, to the Roman Governors, the ministers of the synagogue, and by the whole nation. There were also discourses of different sorts addressed to the various sects of the Jews. These facts were upon matters of the greatest importance, and the most scrutinized ; made known through the whole earth ; and so detailed that the names, times, places and witnesses are all remarked. Is it possible that men who wished to establish an imposture should choose for evidence that which infallibly would expose their fraud ? if they had not been true they never would have adduced that evidence in its support. Allowing what they said to be true, it would have been discredited if unfaithful, or not to the point. The sincerity of the Evangelists is apparent.

But some circumstances in the publication of these writings augur very favourably in behalf of the sincerity and truth of their authors. The sacred volume appeared before the destruction of Jerusalem. The history of Christ was published at a time when the Jews and Christians were at variance ; when the two parties contested the purport of the predictions. The gospel of Matthew was published about eight or nine years after the death of Christ ; Mark's did not appear till near ten years after that of Matthew ; Luke's about ten years later ; and thirty five years elapsed between the promulgation of Luke's and the gospel by John. This must be acknowledged by the enemies of the gospel, either that the gospel history was received as true,

or rejected as false. If they admit the former, dispute is at an end ; if they cleave to the latter, namely, that the gospel was denied immediately as Matthew published his relation ; it would have been impossible for the other three to have fostered the same fables upon the world ; because the records of its first appearance, and immediate condemnation would have been preserved ; to confound the designs of those who might attempt their second publication. The circumstances connected with the first promulgation of the gospel history are such as to evince, that the authors of that history were sincere and true ; this added to their character, their conduct, and the nature of the facts as placed in a particular situation, prove to a demonstration this part of our proposition. *(To be continued.)*

FOR REFERENCES TO THE FOLLOWING NOTES, SEE LAST NUMBER.

* Matthew had first preached to the Jews. But when he was about to travel among the Gentiles, he composed his gospel in his native tongue ; which including those things which he had delivered, he left for a memorial to these from whom he retired, that he might preach to the Gentiles.

† For it is certain that in three former Evangelists, these things only seem to be comprised, which occurred during the year in which John the Baptist was shut up in prison and punished : therefore John the Apostle was asked to include in the writings of the Saviour, those which the former writers omitted before the imprisonment of John.

‡ John when he was in Asia, and when the heresies began to spring up, those of Cerenthus, Ebion, and others who denied that Christ came in the flesh, was constrained by almost all the churches of Asia, and by disputations from many others to write more largely concerning the divinity of our Saviour.

|| Mark was the disciple of Peter who published, the events narrated by Peter.

§ They prayed Mark the follower of Peter, whose Gospel is still extant, that he would leave with them a written record of his doctrine which they had believed by hearing him.

Mark who had heard what Peter had preached, being asked at Rome by the brethren, wrote a short gospel, which when Peter had seen, he approved, and gave his authority that it should be read in the churches.

** The gospel which Mark published, was affirmed to be Peter's, whose amanuensis Mark was, and that by Luke was commonly ascribed to Paul.

§§ Luke was the follower of Paul, who uttered in a book that gospel which had been preached by him.

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Concluded from page 277.)

Among his Latin memorandums, there is a resolution “never to engage in games of chance.” Cards he detested as destructive of time at least, if not of money : which to him I thought the more remarkable, as he had, when a boy, learned (I know not how) to play at what is called *quadrille*, and some other games. In those days he often urged me to play at cards, saying, he was sure it would

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amuse me. I told him, I had several times attempted quadrille; but that, of the directions given me, some I could never understand, and some I could never remember. He begged leave to write a few directions: and I gave him leave; being curious to know, how a lad of eleven years of age would acquit himself in respect of style, and the arrangement of his matter. He brought me two treatises, (still extant) one of quadrille, the other of backgammon, written with a propriety, perspicuity, and correctness, that very agreeably surprised me. I could not help telling him, as was true, that I understood them much better than any oral information I had ever received on those subjects.

There is another fashionable recreation, to which he could not reconcile his mind, the reading of romances. The time employed in that way he held to be lost. Don Quixote, however, Robinson Crusoe, and Cecilia, he read with pleasure, and began, but could not get through, Gil Blas. Hearing that an acquaintance of his had almost had his brain turned with *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, he had the curiosity to ask for that book, but quickly laid it aside, and would never afterwards resume it. To amuse some hours of langour, in the commencement of his last illness, I advised him to look into Fielding; and he read Tom Jones, and, I think, Amelia. He gave that author no little praise for his humour, for the very skilful management of his fable, the variety and contrasts of his characters, and, with a few exceptions, for the beautiful simplicity of his style: but still—the time spent in reading it was lost; and there was more danger from the indelicacy of particular passages, than hope of its doing good by the satire; the moral sentiments, or the distributive justice dispensed in winding up the catastrophe.

I wish I could have given specimens of his talent in writing letters: but it happens, that most of those I have of his contain circumstances of private business, which ought not to be made publick. His epistolary style was correct, easy, and simple, and, like his conversation, seasoned with that unaffected and playful humour in which he so greatly excelled.

I am loth to part with my subject.

—Juvat usque morari

Et conferre gradum— VIRG. VI. 487.

But some may think, enough has been said; though there are a few, who know that the subject is by no means exhausted.

About the disposal of his papers he gave no directions: being, I suppose, prevented, either by his thinking them unworthy of notice, or by his unwillingness to pain me

by speaking of his dissolution. Nothing else could have prevented him: for he and I always lived on terms of the most unreserved and familiar intimacy.

One day, after all hope of recovery was gone, he called for a particular parcel of his papers, and, putting them in the hand of a Friend who was sitting by him, desired that they might be burned. His Friend dissuaded it; but he repeated the request, and said they contained nothing of any value. There is reason to think, that he did not then distinctly remember what papers were in that parcel (which he had made up before he had any apprehension of danger, and had not seen for many months); and that on this occasion some things might have been destroyed, which perhaps he wished to be preserved. I cannot otherwise account for the mutilated state in which I find some of his best pieces.

I have lost the pleasantest, and, for the last four or five years of his short life, one of the most instructive, companions, that ever man was delighted with. But—THE LORD GAVE; THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY: BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—I adore the Author of all good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality.

18th January 1791.

FROM THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messrs. Editors,

Having lately had some warm disputing with an old-fashioned Don about dress and such like, and not being able to agree, I concluded to apply to you for information. You must know then that I am lately from the country, and apprenticed to a merchant, and wishing to make a credible appearance, want to know something about the fashions.

Pray then, gentlemen, in the first place, should not a man, summer and winter, carry at least ten times as much clothing, as a woman, for the reason that he is stronger, and better able to bear it?

Should not every sprig of his hair be cut off behind where it is of no manner of use, and be suffered to flow in ringlets over the face, to guard the eyes, and shade the forehead, nose, &c. from the weather? Are not whiskers useful in strengthening and keeping the jaws warm?

Should a summer great coat have ten capes, or only six? Are not the new fashioned bag sleeves very convenient and graceful? Does a man who wears them look as if his arms were bolstered and poulticed on account of sores? Were they ever intended to hide deformed or withered limbs, or broken bones?

Were they invented to facilitate shop lifting and pilfering, by furnishing a ready retreat for whatever may be purloined, either from the counter or the pocket, whether a watch, a pocket-book, a bolt of linen, or a dozen of straw knives?

Are they an ingenious contrivance to hide the itch—that vulgar pest which, ever and anon, riots on dirty fingers?

Are they in reality meant merely to correct the defects of nature, by lengthening out the arms to the true proportion, to make man more nearly resemble the monkey, that knowing, active, smerky creature?

Were they designed to keep the hands warm? or cold? and how long and wide should they be, to be the tippy? should they reach to the ancle bone? or only to the calf of the leg? and be capacious enough to contain three, or only two bushels each?

Were they meant to answer the purpose of knapsacks? and if so, will they not be in the way of fighting? and would not the new-fashioned breeches pouch be a more convenient place for stowing and carrying a "soldier's all?"

How many folds and wrinkles should there be in a genteel sleeve? and how many between the shoulders of a well made coat? and also, how wide should the skirts gap behind, in order to exhibit the breeches pouch to advantage? And again, how much should the pouch of a fashionable pair of breeches or pantaloons be calculated to contain, over and above the flesh and bones of the wearer? four bushels? or only two? and how far should the pouch project in a horizontal line from the main rump? two feet, or only one? and should it hang down in drapery form, or be drawn to a handsome projectile peak? How high should these galligaskins reach above the centre? to the chin? with holes cut in the *waist-band* to let the *arms* out? or should they stop at the arm-pits, to leave room for a vest still higher up?—How long should a commodious vest be? six inches? or only three? and should it have three buttons? or, but one? Should sleeves have any seams in them?

Is not a black dress, especially of stout woollen cloth, cooler and more comfortable for hot weather than a light coloured one of cotton or silk? and are not fire-proof boots much more suitable for summer wear than shoes? and should not their tops tend pretty well upwards, in pursuit of the waist-band and vest? and not stop abruptly at the knees, as if docked and skimped, but preserve a stately, graceful course, up to the fork?

Are thick stumpy legs, or long spindle shanks most in

fashion? Should legs have calves to them? and if so, cannot a spare leg be helped by stuffing a bit of wool, or cotton, or rags within the stockings? I mean this to be done only when a body is in his undress: in full dress he will have no occasion for it, as then his coat, pantaloons, boots, &c. will sufficiently hide his native form, and give symmetry to his person; and it cannot be wrong to adopt such contrivances as are now in vogue, to counteract the gallimaufry shapes of nature.

Do you know of any body who wants a *genteel* apprentice? I should like to change my place to some store where there's nothing to do—for I understand it's not fashionable to sweep out the store, brush the dust from the goods, run of errands and so on—and where I now am, my master expects me to do all such vulgar things. Should not merchants' apprentices wear silk gloves? and be at liberty to gallant the girls of afternoons?

Oh! I had like to have forgotten to ask the proper dimensions for the diameter of fire-proof boots—I observe that in some instances it scarcely exceeds twice the size of the leg—should it not be rather more spacious to be convenient?—And again, what is the rule for forming the square and turn up of the toes? One of my fellow apprentices says the square should be an inch, and the curl two, for every foot of a man's height; to which I beg leave to add an amendment, by proposing that, by way of counterpoise, the heel should project to an equal distance t'other way; so that one's leg might stand like a mast in a boat; in which case there would certainly be less danger of oversetting in squalls.

One or two more questions, and I'll have done. Pray how much should a genteel shirt collar be elevated above the ears? I know that ears require that shelter; but should it not also envelope the temples, and project a little matter or so forward of the nose, after the way and fashion of blind-halters, to preserve us from the dangers and inconvenience of gaping about, and from sudden frights? And, in order to keep a man in one steady course, that is, from turning to the right hand and to the left, which you know was forbidden of old, should not the collar be made of sheet iron, rather than of buckram, as is now the practice?

Yours,

JONATHAN PLUMPUDDING.

THE APPARITION—AN EXTRACT.

In the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman, by name Barbarosse, came to the Chateau on a

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vist for a few days: He was cordially received, being of a pleasing, lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accommodation.

The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably, and after supper they sat round a comfortable large fire, and diverted themselves with songs and stories; the former, as is generally the case, were some of the sprightly, some of the tender and pathetic kind; but the latter were for the most part, of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to preternatural occurrences. The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room on the first floor, having three doors; two of those belonged to two little closets, one on the right that overlooked a farm yard; and another more to the left that presented a view through the window, of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited this room in the morning and looked out of the window to enjoy the prospect for a great while.

As he entered his apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he set his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it to prevent accidents; a large elbow chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy he sat down reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavoring to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; and in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents the heavy watch bell tolled two; but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplation. He was suddenly awaked from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound issuing from the closet on the right hand; and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the door at short intervals.

Alarmed at the circumstance, he walked slowly to his bed side, and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he carefully placed upon the table, and resumed the elbow chair. All was again still as death; and nought but the winds, which whistled round the watch tower and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

Barbarosse looked towards the door of the closet, which he then, and not until then, perceived, was not shut, but found that it hung upon the jar; immediately a furious blast forced it wide open; the taper burnt blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct.

Barbarosse arose, put forth a silent hasty ejaculation of prayer, and sat down again; again he heard the noise!

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ANECDOTES.

A young fellow meeting with a gentleman much older than himself, at a lady's to whom both paid their addresses, took an opportunity of sarcastically asking his rival, "Pray, Sir, what do you suppose the difference between your age and mine?" "I cannot be exact, Sir, (replied the other) but I have always understood that an *ass* is much older at twenty than a *man* at fifty."

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Were they invented to facilitate shop lifting and pilfering, by furnishing a ready retreat for whatever may be purloined, either from the counter or the pocket, whether a watch, a pocket-book, a bolt of linen, or a dozen of straw knives?

Are they an ingenious contrivance to hide the itch—that vulgar pest which, ever and anon, riots on dirty fingers?

Are they in reality meant merely to correct the defects of nature, by lengthening out the arms to the true proportion, to make man more nearly resemble the monkey, that knowing, active, smerky creature?

Were they designed to keep the hands warm? or cold? and how long and wide should they be, to be the tippy? should they reach to the ankle bone? or only to the calf of the leg? and be capacious enough to contain three, or only two bushels each?

Were they meant to answer the purpose of knapsacks? and if so, will they not be in the way of fighting? and would not the new-fashioned breeches pouch be a more convenient place for stowing and carrying a “soldier’s all?”

How many folds and wrinkles should there be in a genteel sleeve? and how many between the shoulders of a well made coat? and also, how wide should the skirts gap behind, in order to exhibit the breeches pouch to advantage? And again, how much should the pouch of a fashionable pair of breeches or pantaloons be calculated to contain, over and above the flesh and bones of the wearer? four bushels? or only two? and how far should the pouch project in a horizontal line from the main rump? two feet, or only one? and should it hang down in drapery form, or be drawn to a handsome projectile peak? How high should these galligaskins reach above the centre? to the chin? with holes cut in the *waist-band* to let the *arms* out? or should they stop at the arm-pits, to leave room for a vest still higher up?—How long should a commodious vest be? six inches? or only three? and should it have three buttons? or, but one? Should sleeves have any seams in them?

Is not a black dress, especially of stout woollen cloth, cooler and more comfortable for hot weather than a light coloured one of cotton or silk? and are not fire-proof boots much more suitable for summer wear than shoes? and should not their tops tend pretty well upwards, in pursuit of the waist-band and vest? and not stop abruptly at the knees, as if docked and skimped, but preserve a stately, graceful course, up to the fork?

Are thick stumpy legs, or long spindle shanks most in

fashion? Should legs have calves to them? and if so, cannot a spare leg be helped by stuffing a bit of wool, or cotton, or rags within the stockings? I mean this to be done only when a body is in his undress: in full dress he will have no occasion for it, as then his coat, pantaloons, boots, &c. will sufficiently hide his native form, and give symmetry to his person; and it cannot be wrong to adopt such contrivances as are now in vogue, to counteract the gallimaufry shapes of nature.

Do you know of any body who wants a *genteel* apprentice? I should like to change my place to some store where there’s nothing to do—for I understand it’s not fashionable to sweep out the store, brush the dust from the goods, run of errands and so on—and where I now am, my master expects me to do all such vulgar things. Should not merchants’ apprentices wear silk gloves? and be at liberty to gallant the girls of afternoons?

Oh! I had like to have forgotten to ask the proper dimensions for the diameter of fire-proof boots—I observe that in some instances it scarcely exceeds twice the size of the leg—should it not be rather more spacious to be convenient?—And again, what is the rule for forming the square and turn up of the toes? One of my fellow apprentices says the square should be an inch, and the curl two, for every foot of a man’s height; to which I beg leave to add an amendment, by proposing that, by way of counterpoise, the heel should project to an equal distance t’other way; so that one’s leg might stand like a mast in a boat; in which case there would certainly be less danger of oversetting in squalls.

One or two more questions, and I’ll have done. Pray how much should a genteel shirt collar be elevated above the ears? I know that ears require that shelter; but should it not also envelope the temples, and project a little matter or so forward of the nose, after the way and fashion of blind-halters, to preserve us from the dangers and inconvenience of gaping about, and from sudden frights? And, in order to keep a man in one steady course, that is, from turning to the right hand and to the left, which you know was forbidden of old, should not the collar be made of sheet iron, rather than of buckram, as is now the practice?

Yours, JONATHAN PLUMPUDDING.

THE APPARITION—AN EXTRACT.

In the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman, by name Barbarosse, came to the Chateau on a

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vist for a few days: He was cordially received, being of a pleasing, lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accommodation.

The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably, and after supper they sat round a comfortable large fire, and diverted themselves with songs and stories; the former, as is generally the case, were some of the sprightly, some of the tender and pathetic kind; but the latter were for the most part, of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to preternatural occurrences. The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room on the first floor, having three doors; two of those belonged to two little closets, one on the right that overlooked a farm yard; and another more to the left that presented a view through the window, of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited this room in the morning and looked out of the window to enjoy the prospect for a great while.

As he entered his apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he set his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it to prevent accidents; a large elbow chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy he sat down reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavoring to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; and in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents the heavy watch bell tolled two; but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplation. He was suddenly awaked from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound issuing from the closet on the right hand; and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the door at short intervals.

Alarmed at the circumstance, he walked slowly to his bed side, and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he carefully placed upon the table, and resumed the elbow chair. All was again still as death; and nought but the winds, which whistled round the watch tower and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

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SELECTED POETRY.

The following lines were left at the entrance of a Grotto where the author presumed to offer some advice, which he afterwards feared might be resented in a manner fatal to his happiness.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping tree,
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me,

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught—

Then tell me, thou grotto, of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dropping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone,
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough as you're waving it tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel—
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow,
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow—
She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker thou willow of woe,
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see:
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so,
She was not, she could not be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,
It sunk at the thought but of giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monition refuse;
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

ODE,

Addressed to a Girl in the temple, 1777.

In the Manner of JOHNSON.

While the calescent, sanguine flood,
By vile Vulgarity call'd Blood,
Pervades this mortal frame;
Amaz'd at your translucid charms,
You I solicit to these arms,
Tho' of procacious name!

When in your dim nocturnal rounds,
Erratick from the Temple's bounds
Thro' devious lanes you stray;
With friendly auscultation deign
To audit amatorial pain
Subverted in this lay.

Satellite of the Paphian dame,
Whose rays, tho' darken'd by thy fame,
Illuminate my mind:
Desert the street, resume the plain,
Rejoin your derelicted swain—
Be prudent, as you're kind.

My brows, obumbrated with age,
Hang scowling o'er life's latter-page—
But you, like Lunar beam;
Thro' my nimboosity arise;
Dispensing, from your lucid eyes,
Refocillating gleam.

RUBRILLA.

When the weak brain imagin'd beauty warms
The meanest Mopsy has ten thousand charms;
On her black head if sable horrors stare,
Or deadly paleness damps her languid hair,
Shrewd similes from jet and pearl are sought,
In all the wild extravagance of thought.
Not so when fair Rubrilla's radiance bright
Shines to the eye, and cheers the ravish'd light,
Her lively hue a genial heat inspires,
And kindles love by strong refulgent fires:
Ting'd with ethereal light her tresses flow;
With lively bloom and sprightly vigour glow.
High on her lofty front has nature spread
A pleasing garland of delightful red;
Illustrious red, magnificently bright,
By Newton found the strongest beam of sight;
Prime of all colours!—On the monarch's throne
In robes majestic is its lustre shown;
Red are those blushes which serenely grace
The modest beauties of the virgin's face:
Intrinsic particles of red compose
The sanguine clove, and aromatic rose.
The ruby lip invites to balmy love,
And sportive Nereids haunt the coral grove;
Couch'd in red locks delighted Cupids lie,
Thence their keen darts and painted arrows fly.
Such was the golden fleece which Jason bore
In joyful triumph from the Colchian shore.
Britain's red flag commands the subject main;
In every heart Rubrilla's streamers reign.
Through seas of blood undaunted heroes fly,
And steep their lawrels in that glorious dye.
Young Ammon redden'd at the gramic flood,
And bath'd in red victorious Granby stood.
Translated to the starry realms on high,
Rubrilla's hair shall future Flamsteeds spy;
There shall the ram, and staring bull admire,
To see that blaze which set the world on fire.